



TIM HOLT

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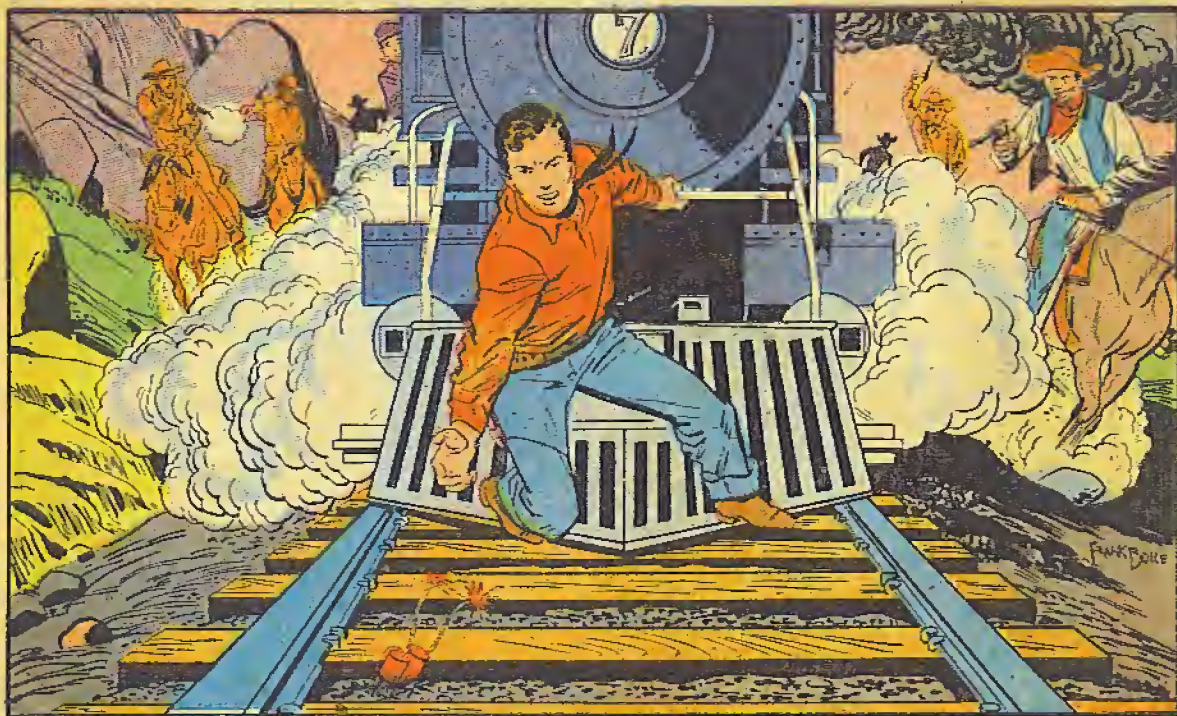
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TIM HOLT



WHEN DEATH WALKS BESIDE THE TRAIN THAT CARRIES PRISONER "LIGHTNING LARRY" LEWIS TO TRIAL FOR MURDER AND ROBBERY—WHEN OUTLAW BANDS ACROSS HALF A STATE RISE UP TO FREE HIM—TIM HOLT FACES THE DESPERATE FURY OF KILL-MADDENED MEN—INTENT ONLY ON—

"THE RESCUE OF LIGHTNING LARRY!"



IT WAS TIM HOLT, DEPUTY SHERIFF OF BULLET, WHO CAPTURED "LIGHTNING LARRY" IN A LINE-CABIN SHOT TO SPLINTERS BY A POSSE'S RIFLES...

YOU'VE GUNNED DOWN THREE MEN ALREADY! BUT YOU'LL SHOOT NO MORE MEN!



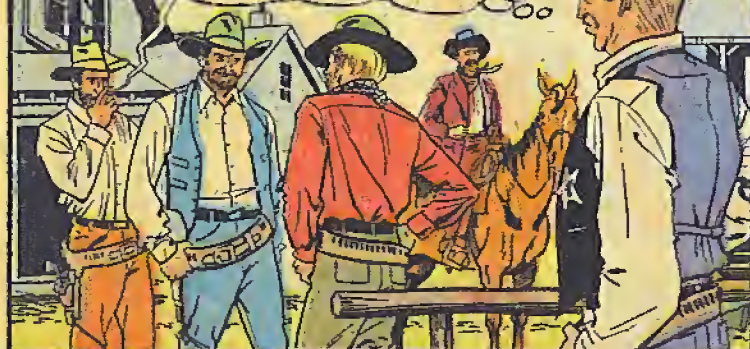
I WANT YOU **ALIVE**—TO PAY THE PENALTY FOR YOUR BLOODY CRIMES!

GNNGGG!



THE JAIL IN BULLET IS A SMALL ONE... STRANGERS COME FROM THE HILLS TO RIDE BY IT, HARD EYES BURNING TOWARD ITS SUN-BAKED ADOBE...

I DON'T LIKE THIS! THOSE HOMBRES ARE KILLERS! ANY MINUTE NOW, THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE A BREAK TO GET LEWIS OUT!

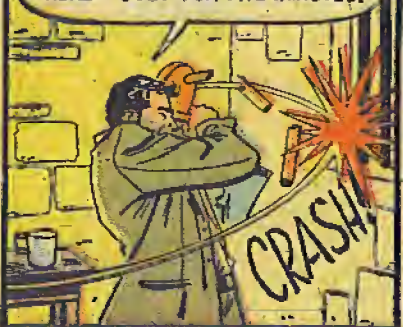


BUT THE HONEST ELEMENT OF BULLET IS NOT CAUGHT NAPPING! UNDER TIM'S DIRECTION, HIDDEN RIFLEMEN HAVE BEEN STATIONED ON ROOFTOPS—AND THEIR RIFLE-FIRE IS OVERWHELMING...



IN HIS CELL "LIGHTNING LARRY" RAGES...!

IT WAS ALL SET! THE BOYS WERE GOING TO BREAK ME OUT OF THIS COW TOWN DUMP! NOW—THANKS TO THAT DEPUTY HOLT—I'M WORSE OFF THAN I WAS BEFORE! I WISH I HAD HIM IN HERE—JUST FOR FIVE MINUTES!



COME ON, SHERIFF! LET'S GET YOU BEHIND A WALL SO THEY CAN'T PUT MORE LEAD INTO YOU!



I WAS GOING TO TAKE THAT RAT TO-TAOS FOR TRIAL ON A MURDER CHARGE! NOW IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE STUCK WITH HIM!

YOU REST EASY, ED. I'LL TAKE HIM TO TAOS! AFTER ALL, I'M YOUR DEPUTY! YOU'RE WOUNDED, BUT I'M AS HEALTHY AS EVER!



THAT NIGHT, TIM AND HIS PRISONER BOARD THE ARIZONA LIMITED...

I'LL GET YOU YET, HOLT! THIS TRAIN RIDE IS ONLY BEGINNIN'! AN' MY BOYS WON'T LET ME DOWN!

RELAX, LEWIS! THERE'S A LONG RIDE AHEAD OF US, AND I DON'T WANT TO LISTEN TO YOU GRIPING ALL THE WAY TO NEW MEXICO!



IN THE HILLS, HIGH ABOVE THE GLEAMING RAILROAD TRACKS...

YOU GOT DYNAMITE?

I SURE HAVE. WE'LL PLANT IT JUST BEFORE THE TRAIN HITS THE POWDER CANYON BRIDGE!



IT'LL MAKE THE TRAIN STOP THAT'S WHEN WE'LL ATTACK!

WE'LL GET "LIGHTNING LARRY" FREE IF WE HAVE TO KILL EVERY LAST MAN, WOMAN AN' KID ABOARD IT!

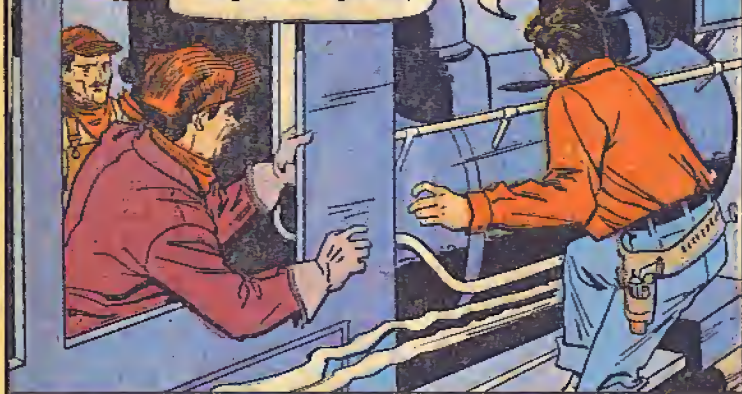


AS THE DIAMOND-STACK ENGINE SWAYS AROUND CAMPUS ROCK, AND SWINGS DOWN TOWARD THE CANYON BRIDGE...

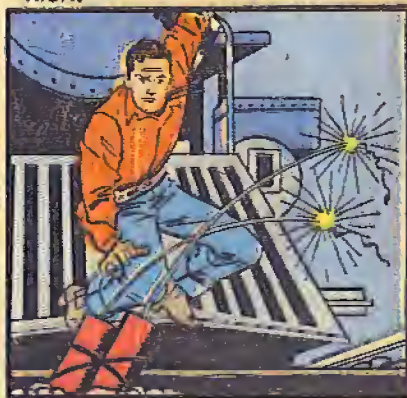
JIM—THERE'S MEN OUT YONDER—PLANTING SOMETHING!... IT'S DYNAMITE! TELL THAT DEPUTY SHERIFF...!



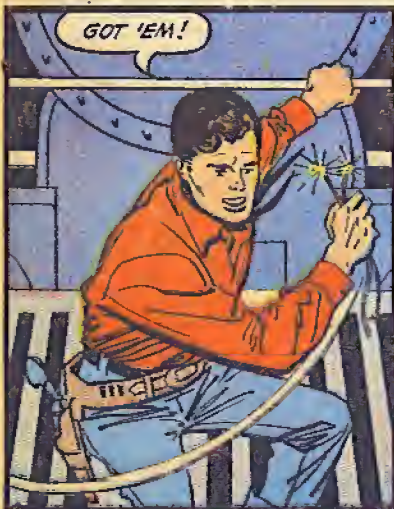
IT'S DYNAMITE, ALL RIGHT! THOSE OWLHOOTS ARE GOING TO BLOW UP THE BRIDGE AND STOP THE TRAIN TO FREE MY PRISONER! WE'VE GOT ONE CHANCE IN A THOUSAND, BUT I INTEND TAKING IT! GET THIS TRAIN GOING!



AS THE ENGINE RACES FORWARD, TIM CLINGS TO THE COWCATCHER, EYES INTENT ON THE BURNING FUSES. ONE MISTAKE, AND HE AND THE TRAIN WILL BE BLOWN SKY-HIGH!



GOT 'EM!

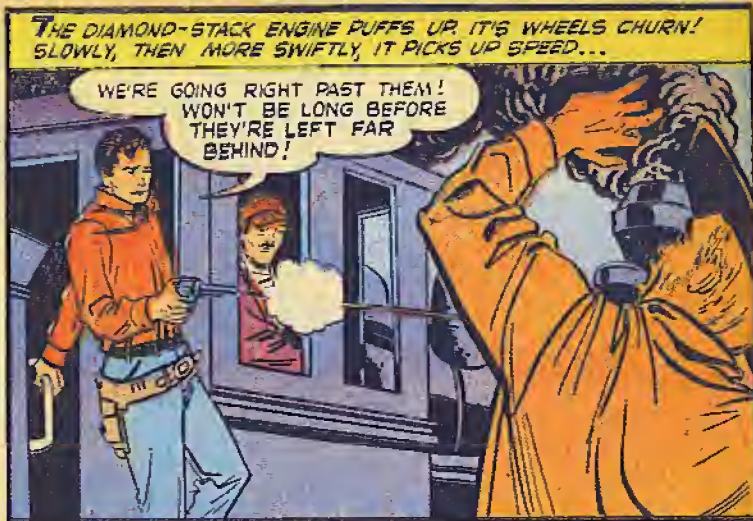


THE TRAIN'S STOPPED! BUT THE DYNAMITE AIN'T EXPLODED!



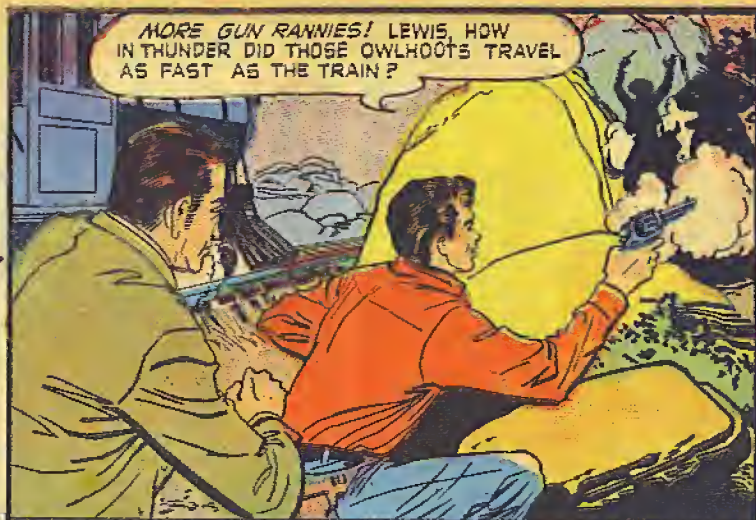
AN' IT WON'T! THERE'S A HOMBRE ON THE COWCATCHER! HE'S PULLED THE LIGHTED FUSES FROM THE STICKS! COME ON! WE GOT TO DO THIS WITH HOT LEAD...!





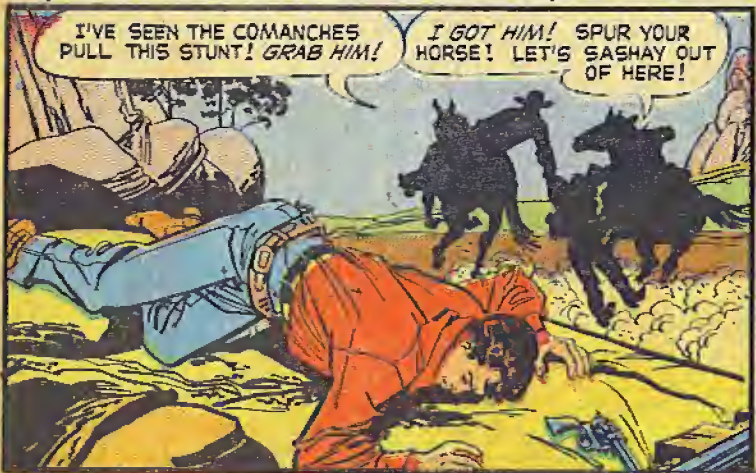
IN THE PASSENGER COACH...





WITH A LOUD CRY, TIM DROPS AND ROLLS, PLAYING DEAD. SHOUTING, THE OUTLAW BAND SWOOPS DOWN ON "LIGHTNING LARRY"...

HOURS LATER, IN THE HILLS BEYOND THE CANYON DE CHELLY...





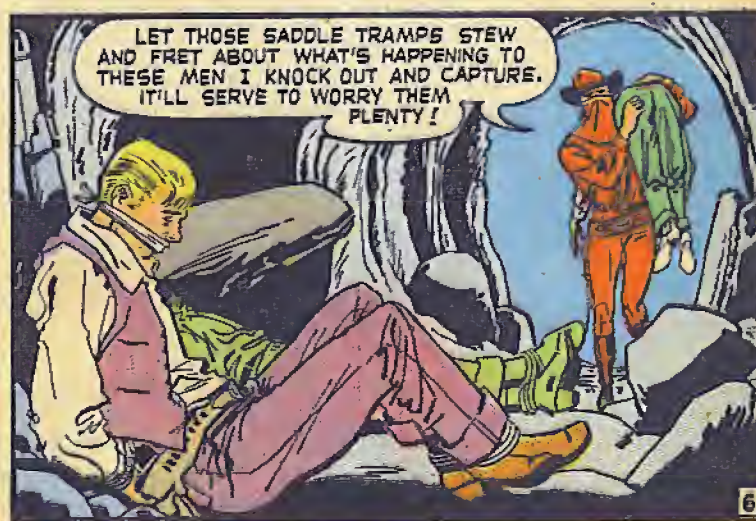
AS A RIDER LAGS BEHIND...

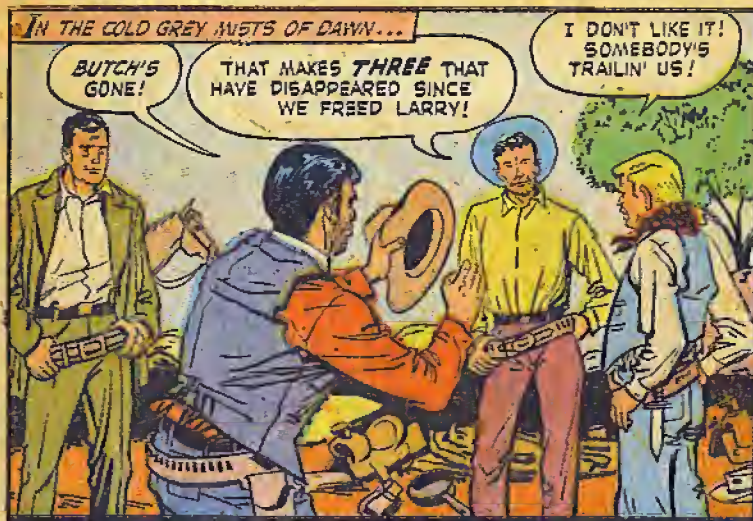


WHENEVER A SINGLE MAN MOVES OFF INTO THE TIMBER TO HUNT FOR DEER OR GROUSE...



A THROWN KNIFE-BUTT PROVES A SILENT WEAPON IN THE STILL REACHES OF THE NIGHT...





TIM HOLT

BUT AS THE OWLHOOTS CONGRATULATE THEMSELVES, A GRIM FIGURE GALLOPS DOWN THE SINGLE STREET OF THE OUTLAW TOWN, HURLING LIGHTED TORCHES RIGHT AND LEFT...



NOTHING LIKE FIRE TO CAUSE CONFUSION! AND IN THAT CONFUSION, I'LL GET FRIEND LEWIS...



WHAT HAPPENED?

I DUNNO. ALL OF A SUDDEN THESE BUILDINGS WENT UP IN FLAMES!

LET'S NOT JUST STAND HERE! GRAB WATER BUCKETS! WE GOT TO PUT 'EM OUT!

IN THE UPPOAR, NO ONE NOTICES THE ODDLY CLAD FIGURE THAT MOVES OUT OF THE WOODS, AND...



THE CHLOROFORM IN THIS HAND-KERCHIEF WILL MAKE 'LIGHTNING LARRY' COME ALONG QUIETLY...

MMMPFF...!

SOME WEEKS LATER, IN TAOS...

MANY THANKS, REDMASK. TOO BAD THAT HOMBRE TIM HOLT HAD TO GIT HIMSELF KILLED BEFORE YOU CAME ALONG. THAT RAT LEWIS ISN'T WORTH A DECENT MAN'S LIFE!

TIM HOLT-KILLED?



IT IS A SADDENED CHITO WHO GOES ABOUT THE T-BAR-H RANCH CHORES THESE DAYS...

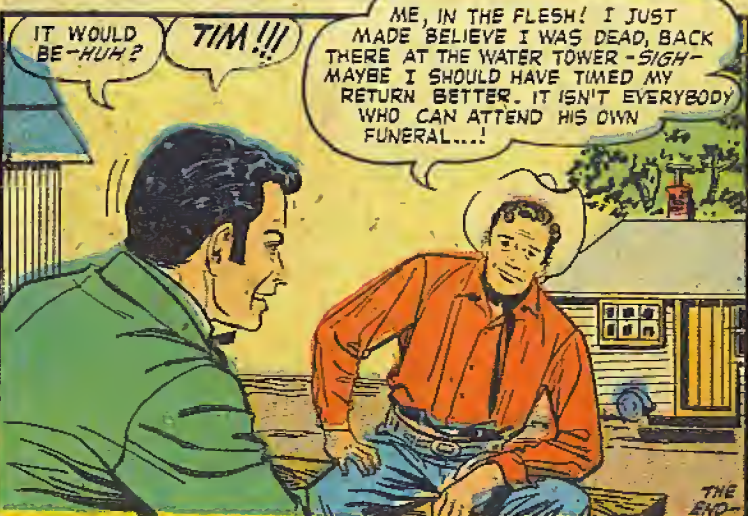


YES, STRANGER. TIM HOLT KILLED DOING HES DUTY. HE WAS FINEST FRIEND A MAN EES EVER HAVING! I COULD NOT EVEN GEEVING HEEM A FUNERAL. BUT WE DEED HAVE SOME SPEECHES!



EET ONLY YOU COULD BE HEARING THE NICE THEENGES EVERYONE SAYS ABOUT HEEM! -SIGH- I CRY! I WEEP BEEG TEARS!

SOUNDS INTERESTING. WISH I HAD BEEN ON HAND TO HEAR THEM MYSELF!



IT WOULD BE-HUH?

TIM!!!

ME, IN THE FLESH! I JUST MADE BELIEVE I WAS DEAD, BACK THERE AT THE WATER TOWER -SIGH- MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE TIMED MY RETURN BETTER. IT ISN'T EVERYBODY WHO CAN ATTEND HIS OWN FUNERAL....!

THE END

TIM HOLT

MAGIC IS THE WORD, AND RIOTOUS IS THE ACT, AS CHITO PLUNGES OVERBOARD FOR THE WORLD OF HOCUS-FOCUS AND SLEIGHT-OF-HAND WIZARDRY. AND TIM HOLT COMES UP WITH FISTS SWINGING TO SAVE CHITO WHEN HE TRIES TO PROVE THE HAND IS —

"QUICKER THAN THE EYE!"



A VAGABOND MAGICIAN PERFORMS AT THE OPERA HOUSE ... HIS SECOND NIGHT IN TOWN...



GENEROUS IS RIGHT! AIN'T THAT THE VARMIN'T THAT TOOK US IN STUD AT THE CASINO LAST NIGHT?



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...

MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP THE CHASE AND GO BACK TO TOWN! HE DODGED US FER SURE! PROBABLY USED HIS MAGIC TO DISAPPEAR!



WOULDA LIKED TO GET MY HANDS ON HIM! HE CLEANED ME OUT LAST NIGHT WITH THEM CARD TRICKS!

I VOW TO SHOOT ON SIGHT THE VERY NEXT MAGICIAN WHAT TURNS UP IN TOWN...!



TOWARDS EVENING, TWO DAYS LATER...

NOTHING EES EVAIRE TO HAPPENING, TIM! EES SO QUIET ALL THE TIME!

I HOPE IT STAYS THAT WAY! I HAVE TO BANK THE PROCEEDS OF THE CATTLE SALE, AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE TOWN UNTIL TOMORROW!



WE ARE BE FIND SOMETHING, TIM!

CAREFUL CHITO! IT WON'T RUN AWAY!



LOOK, TIM! EET EES A BOOK ON MAGIC!. ALL KINDS OF TRICKS! AND LOOK AT THEES FUNNY GUN!

LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE OLD TIME FOWLING PIECES. WONDER WHAT ALL THAT STUFF IS DOING OUT HERE!



NIGHT FALLS SWIFTLY, AND TIM AND CHITO BED DOWN...

GET SOME SLEEP, CHITO! WE'RE GOING TO HIT THE SADDLE EARLY!

THEES TRICKS ARE BE EASY, TIM! OOOOPS! SOMETHING EES BE GOING WRONG!



AND ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT...

AY DE MI! THEES TRICK FIRE-WATER EES TO BE WONDERFUL!



ALL NIGHT LONG, CHITO STUDIES THE IRRESISTIBLE BOOK OF MAGIC, PRACTICING TRICKS! AND IN THE MORNING...

TIM! PLEASE TO WAKING UP, TIM!

YAWN... WHAT?



DON'T BE FOR TO LAUGH, TIM! BET SAY IN THE BOOK I CAN BE TO GETTING OUT OF THEES TRAP, EASY!

I SEE IT, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



BETTER CUT YOU OUT! IF I TRIED TO UNTIE THIS MESS, I'D PROBABLY END UP IN KNOTS MYSELF!

THE WIND BLEW THE PAGE OVER, TIM, AND I COULDN'T READ HOW TO ESCAPING!



TIM AND CHITO BREAK CAMP, PREPARING TO CONTINUE ON THEIR WAY TO THE BANK IN TOWN...

LET'S GET INTO TOWN FAST, CHITO! THE CATTLE MONEY IS MAKING ME NERVOUS. I'D HATE TO HAVE ANYTHING GO WRONG NOW!

RIGHT, TIM!



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE THAT MAGIC STUFF ALONG, ARE YOU, CHITO?

EET EES FOR MAKING MY FORTUNE, TIM! PLEASE TO HANDING ME UP THE OTHER BAG!

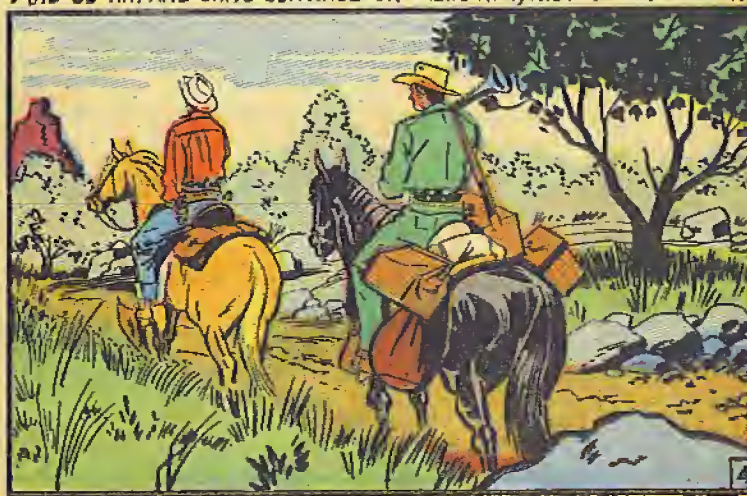


YOU'D BETTER FORGET THIS MAGIC STUFF, CHITO, BEFORE YOU GET US BOTH INTO TROUBLE!

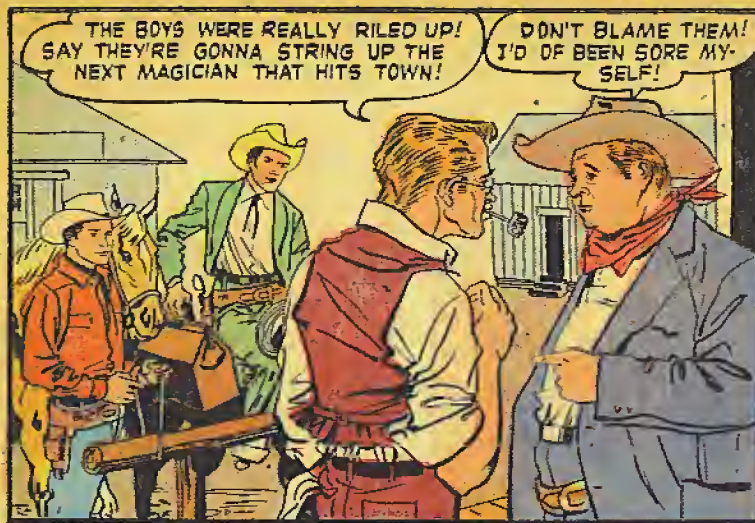
NOTHING WEEEL HAPPEN, TIM!

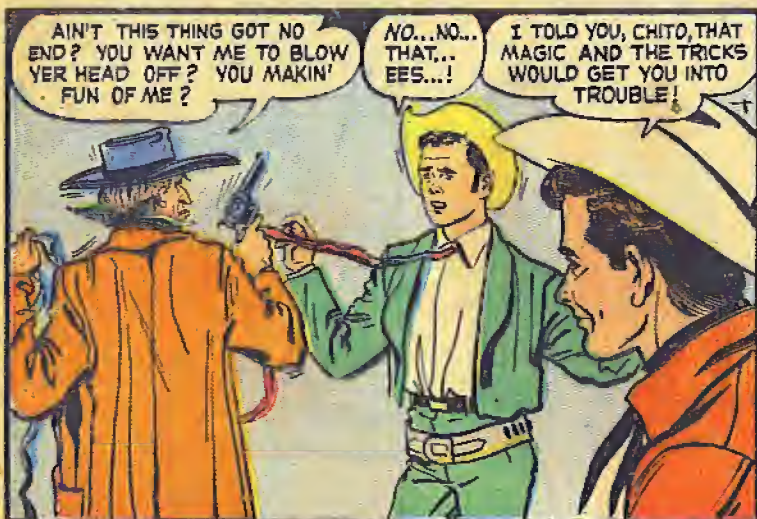


AND SO TIM AND CHITO CONTINUE ON THEIR WAY, RIDING FOR TOWN...

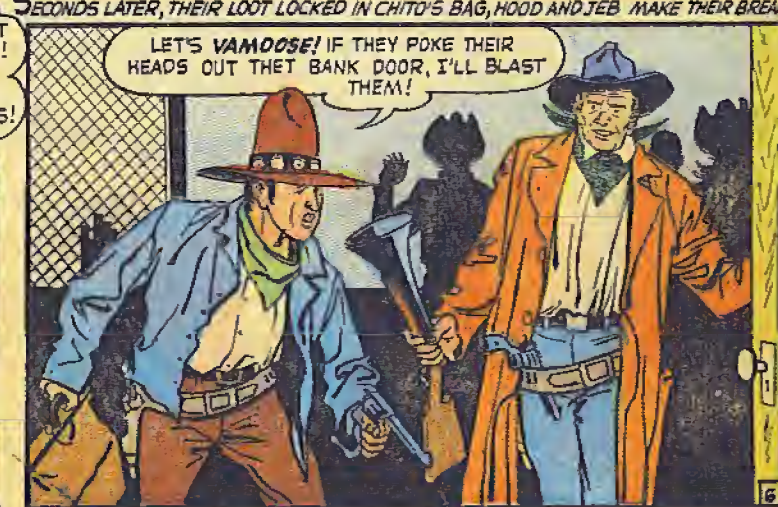


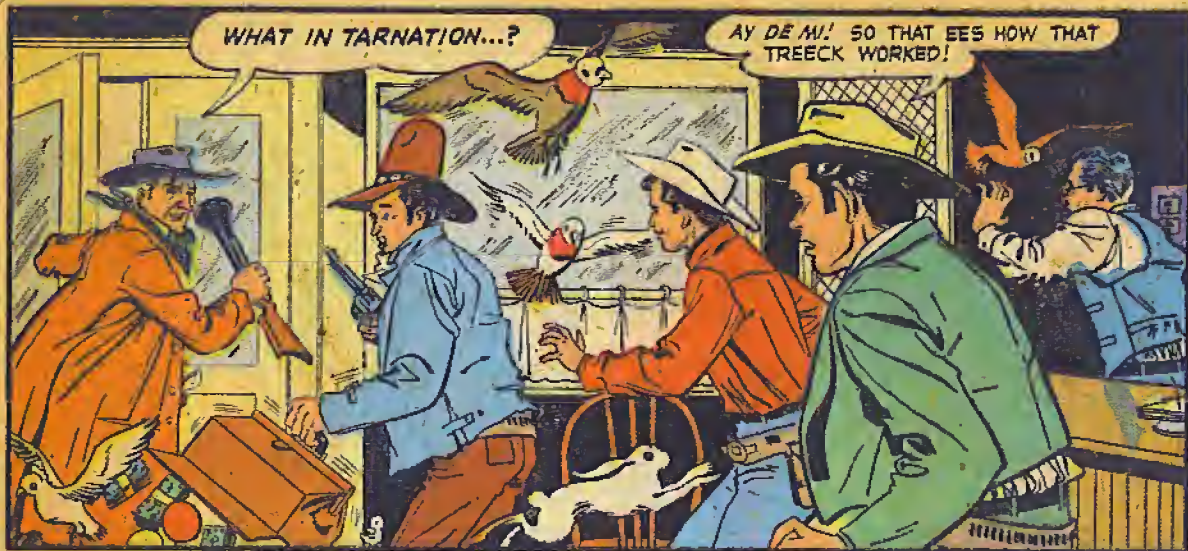
TIM HOLT

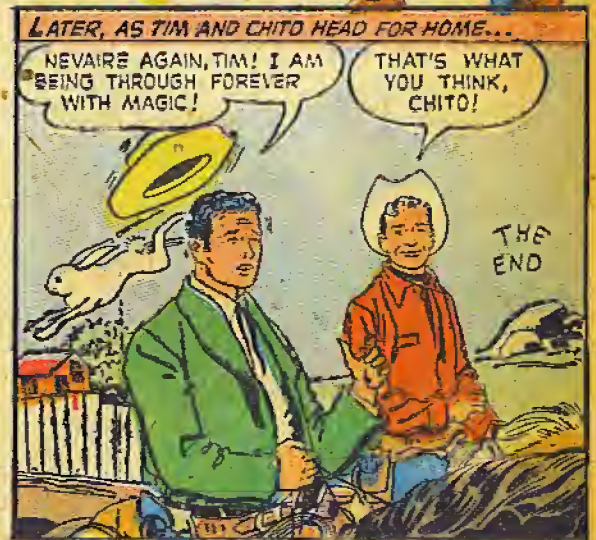
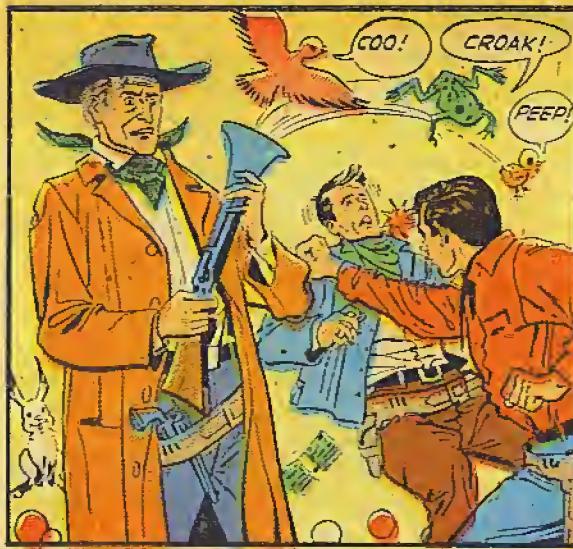




5 SECONDS LATER, THEIR LOOT LOCKED IN CHITO'S BAG, HOLT AND JEB MAKE THEIR BREAK







THE
END

the GHOST RIDER

in THE SCOURGE OF GUILT!

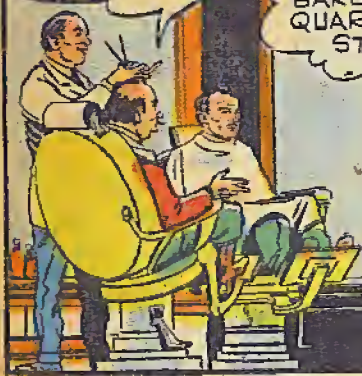
ONE OF THESE MEN IS A KILLER! TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THEM! READ THEIR NAMES AND REMEMBER THEM WELL—FOR BEFORE THE DAY IS OVER, ONE OF THEM WILL HAVE MURDERED FOR GREED! THAT MAN WILL SUFFER THE NAMELESS HORROR OF —
THE SCOURGE OF GUILT!



SI BARNES! WHAR YUH BEEN, YUH OLD ROOSTER? AIN'T SEEN YUH FER MONTHS!

BEEN PROSPECTIN' GENTS—UP IN THUH HILLS!... I SEE YUH STILL GOT THUH OLD BARBERSHOP QUARTET GOIN' STRONG!

SINCE YUH'RE ALL MUH FRIENDS, I GUESS THAR AIN'T NO HARM IN TELLIN' YUH THUH BIG NEWS—JEST CAN'T KEEP IT TO MUHSELF NO LONGER!



GOLD, GENTS! I GOT A FORTUNE IN GOLD RIGHT HYAR! I'M A RICH HOMERE! LOOK AT THE SIZE O' THESE NUGGETS!

CONGRATULATIONS, SI!

THIS CALLS FER A DRINK O'CIDER—LET'S CELEBRATE, BOYS!

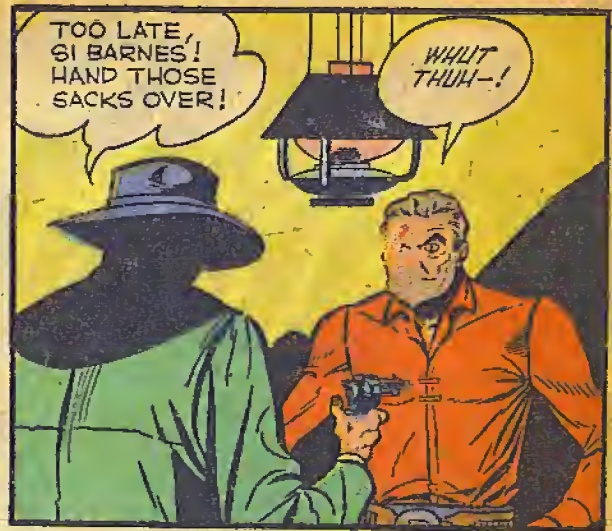
GOLLY!

SOON AS I GITS ME A SHAVE AN' HAIRCUT, A HOTEL ROOM AN' SOME FRESH CLOTHES, I'LL BE OVER TUH ETASH THIS GOLD AWAY IN YORE BANK VAULT, JORRIS.

BETTER HURRY, SI—IT ISN'T VERY SAFE TO CARRY THAT STUFF AROUND!

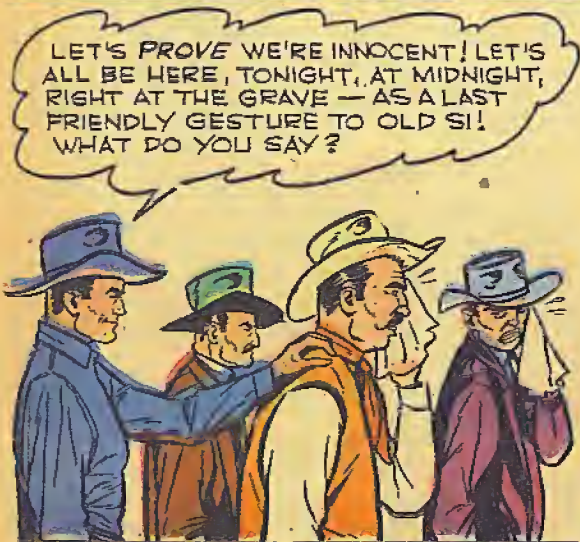
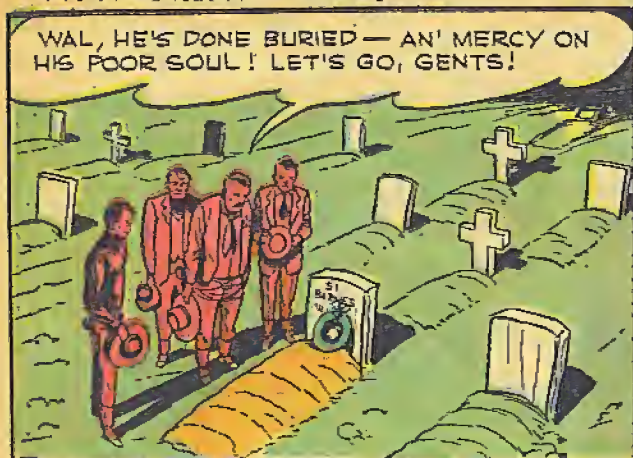


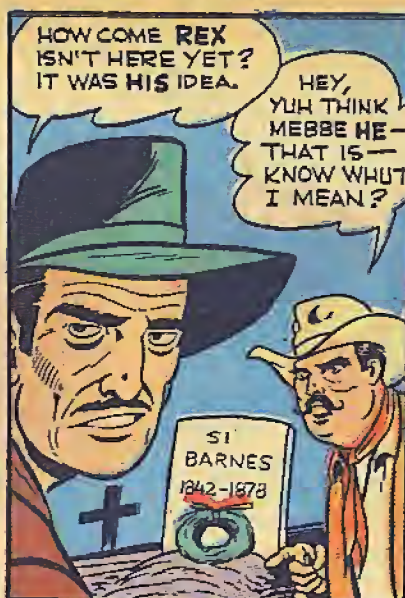
LATER,
IN THE
PROSPECTOR'S
HOTEL
ROOM...

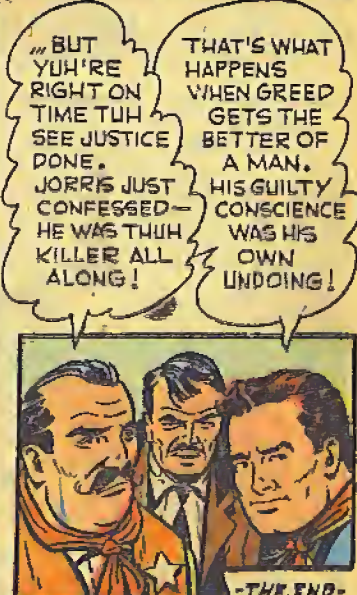
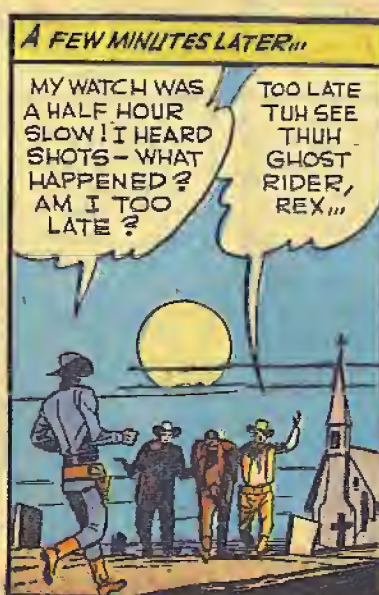




NEXT MORNING... OLD SI BARNES IS LOWERED INTO HIS FINAL RESTING PLACE!









APACHE LESSON

FIRST SERGEANT Hendrix of Company E, Sixth Cavalry, stared out across the cactus-dotted plain with worry in his dark blue eyes. He ducked under the rim of the shallow wash as he caught sight of the brightly painted Kiowa sitting his pony, half a mile to the south.

"Kiowas and Apaches — working together!"

They were a detail of seven men, three days out of Fort Richards, with young Lieutenant Adamlee commanding. The lieutenant was only eight weeks out of West Point, and he treated Kiowas and Apaches as if they were paleface soldiers. He stood now, his back rigid with disapproval of sergeant Hendrix, fifteen paces to the west, at the far rim of the wash.

As if he felt Hendrix' eyes moving down his back, he turned. His face was flushed a brick red. He came walking back across the sandy bottom of the shallow wash, ignoring the fact that a feathered arrow was screaming overhead.

"Sergeant Hendrix, I must insist — I give it as an order, for the record — that you and I go out to confer with those Indians. They must have a chief!"

"Yes, sir. Standing Bear of the Kiowas, Conchile for the 'Paches. They won't talk, lieutenant. They'll cut us down and rip off our scalps."

"I must insist — " the lieutenant began stiffly when his first sergeant squinted up at him, against the red rays of the dying sun.

Hendrix said, "If this was just a routine detail, I'd follow your order, sir. But when we found those burned Conestogas yesterday, it changed things. It means 'Paches are riding with Kiowas, maybe even with Comanches, for they side the Kiowas pretty close when it comes to a hunt or a war party."

"I fail to see what difference that makes! An order is an order. I shall state in my report that you deliberately disobeyed me! This makes the fifth time!"

Sergeant Hendrix touched his faded blue campaign hat. "Yes, sir. But we got to get this detail back. We got to let the Colonel know about the tribes. If he knows about 'em, he'll take the field, as well as order back any wagontrains moving through the territory."

But the lieutenant was not listening. He had pulled out a little black leather booklet and was making marks in it with a silver-trimmed pencil.

That night the Apaches and the Kiowas came in a full five hundred yards. The seven men in the shallow wash could see the red beacons of their campfires, could hear the hollow rattles their medicine-men were shaking as they whipped the savages into a fighting frenzy.

Hendrix tugged the brim of his hat down over his eyes. "They'll hit us at dawn. And run right over us! Seven men won't stand before them for the time it takes to get a good cigar smoking."

He turned and ran his eyes over the men, and at the dark bulk that was the lieutenant. Hendrix sighed and crawled across the sand. "Beggin' your pardon, sir — but it's move out now . . . or never!"

"Sergeant, there's a full moon tonight! I refuse to discuss these matters with you. I still command, here."

"They're gettin' ready to hit us at dawn. If you'll sniff the down wind, you'll catch the stink of 'Pache *tiswin*!"

"*Tiswin*? Ah, that will be some brand of Indian liquor, I assume? The fools! They'll be so drunk at dawn, they won't be able to stand up. Go back, sergeant. When dawn

TIM HOLT

comes, we'll ride out with guidon flapping. That's an order!"

The sergeant sighed, and moved away. A scowl was pinching his leathery face into a seamed labyrinth of worry. He looked at the lieutenant's young face, and shook his head. *I fought under Forsythe at the Arikaree, and under Crook in the Dragoons. I know Injuns better'n they know themselves!* He knew, too, that the *tiswin* would not bother the Apaches or Kiowas except to inflame their cruel instincts to a hot torture-lust.

He said, "Noble. Burns. Jackson. Saddle mounts! Olford. Hennessey. Ask the lieutenant if he's coming along, or whether he's going to stay to play host to the Paches when they come calling tomorrow!"

"By the beard of Ragnar, Hendrix!" snarled the lieutenant. "You've gone too far! I'm placing you under field arrest as of now."

Not a man moved. The lieutenant stared, with dark eyes in a white, set face, around at his command. He sneered, "You've fought with Hendrix a long time, haven't you? Very well! When we reach Fort Richards, it's court martial for every last one of you!"

Hendrix said gently, "There's half a thousand painted redskins out there in the dark, sir. If we can get through them, it's not worrying about the brig we'll be doing!" He drew a deep breath and asked, "Is the lieutenant coming? The colonel must know about the gathering of the tribes!"

The lieutenant flushed and slid a foot in a stirrup. He said, "You see? If you can get out, they can't be so bad."

Hendrix said, "They're drinking *tiswin*, now. Even the guards will be turning to look back at the camp, wondering if their friends are going to leave 'em any. They don't expect us to ride out. I've mapped our route all day. With luck, we might just make it."

They made it, by walking their mounts under the black shadows of a pinon ridge, and along the skirts of a growth of mesquite trees. Once first sergeant Hendrix had to throw his knife in a Kiowa's throat when they were discovered, but the Kiowa's startled cry died in gurgling blood.

Dawn found them thirty miles away, and galloping.

Hendrix said, standing in the stirrups and looking behind him, "They'll be madder'n wet hens on a griddle when they see we've slipped their noose. They'll come pelting after us with everything they got!"

At noon, the first of the Kiowas topped a distant hill behind them, lifted a lance and circled it. Even from this distance, the little detail could hear the roar that answered that movement. They dug spurs into their ponies, and rode closer to whipping manes.

Hendrix led the detail through the breaks

of the Lesser Fingers against Lieutenant Adamlee's order. The lieutenant said, "They'll catch us in there, sergeant! I say, take the high ground."

Hendrix had neither the time nor the inclination to point out to the lieutenant that daily details rode the high ground, and would see the dust cloud rolling up from the sandy bottoms of the Little Fingers canyons. If the man who commanded that detail knew his business, the Colonel himself would be at the Greater Fingers to meet the pursuing Kiowas and Apaches with raking rifle fire.

They rode out into the plains beyond the Greater Fingers just as the Indians rode into the canyons. The stone walls of the canyons erupted with cavalry carbine fire. Standing Bear and Conchile had run their men into a neat trap.

A and C companies of the Sixth had waited a long time for this moment. They had the memory of companions caught and tortured, of boys and girls scalped alive, to guide their trigger fingers. They shot, and shot to kill.

They broke the power of the Kiowas and Apaches, with fifteen minutes of furious volleying.

White-faced, the lieutenant drew himself to his full height. He stood beside First Sergeant Hendrix, facing Colonel Brixbee. A little black leather book was open in his fingers. He said, "Charges against sergeant Hendrix —"

The colonel lifted a hand to stop him. There was quizzical humor in the colonel's eyes as he sat behind his desk in quarters. The three companies of the fort had ridden in from the canyons, leaving behind them the dead bodies of more than a hundred Apaches. Conchile's power was forever broken in this corner of Arizona.

"Before you say anything, lieutenant," the colonel smiled, "let me tell you that you led your men masterfully into as neat a trap for Conchile's Apaches as I've ever seen. Moreover, you saved the Hammerstein wagontrain from certain attack. Your wife and child were in one of those wagons, lieutenant. I think you owe the sergeant a word of thanks for — following your orders."

The lieutenant closed his eyes. His face drained of blood. Slowly his fingers ripped at the little black book. The pieces fell to the floor. He said, "I owe the sergeant an apology."

The colonel winked at Hendrix. "Not necessary, lieutenant. Just shake hands and remember — there's no course on fighting Apaches at West Point! You only learn that from the Apaches themselves, as sergeant Hendrix did!"

THE END.

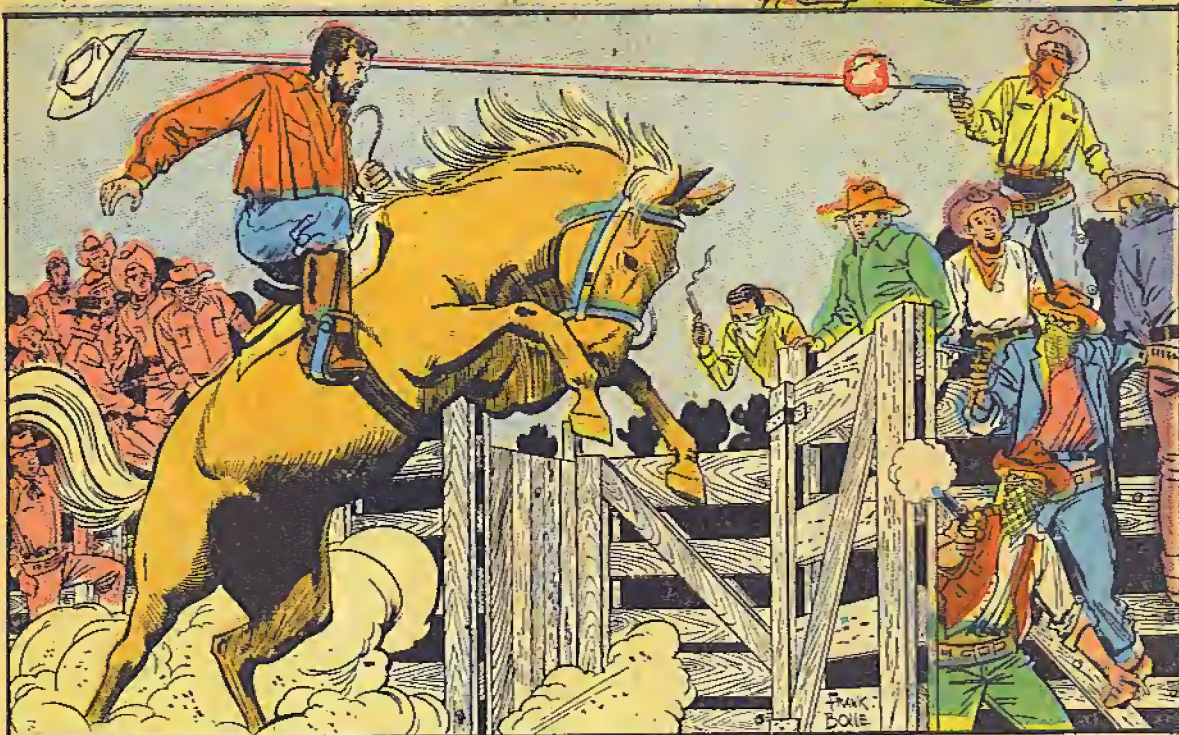
TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT

IF YOU FOUND YOURSELF IN OUTLAW COUNTRY, WHERE ONE FALSE SLIP MEANT YOUR DEATH—

WOULD YOU ACT AS DOES TIM HOLT WHEN, AS DEPUTY SHERIFF OF THE TOWN OF BULLET, HE WANDERS INTO THE HANDS OF HIS SWORN ENEMIES? IS THERE ANY HOPE AT ALL, FOR—

"THE MAN WHO FORGOT!"



A SWAYING STAGECOACH ROUNDS HORSESHOE BEND JUST AHEAD OF HOT LEAD FROM WINCHESTER RIFLES...

GIDDAR YUH SONS O' LAZY-LIVERED COYOTES! MOVE! GIDDAP!

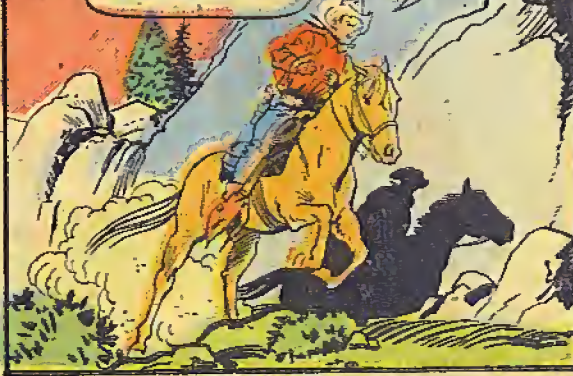
NO USE, BILL... THEY GOT MY ARM! AND THEY HAVE FASTER HORSES...

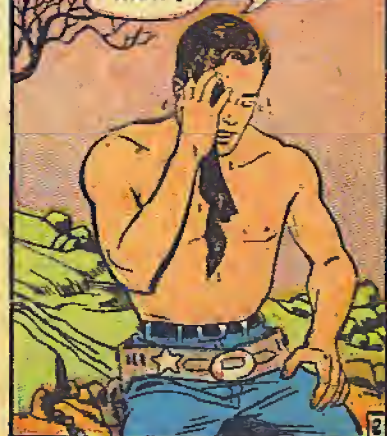
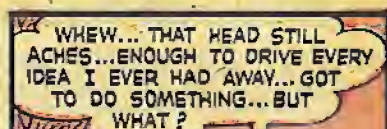
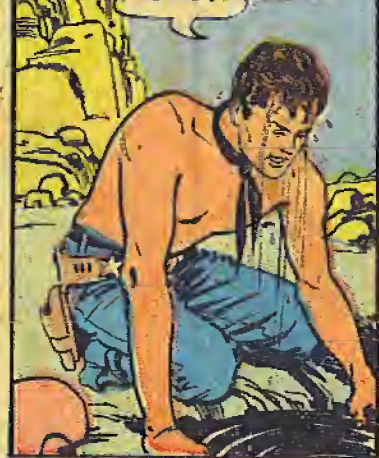
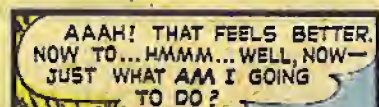
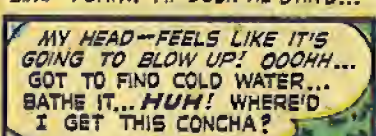
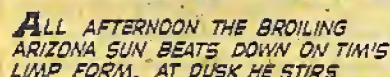
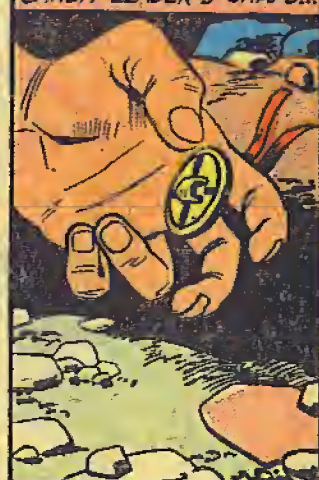
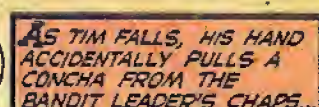
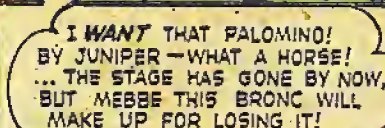
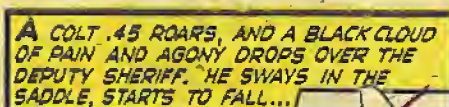


FROM A ROCKY SLOPE, TIM HOLT HEARS THE GUNSHOTS. HE TOES LIGHTNING FORWARD...

THE MESA GANG!

LET'S DIG THAT DIRT, LIGHTNING! THIS MAKES THE THIRD STAGE THIS MONTH THEY'RE AFTER!





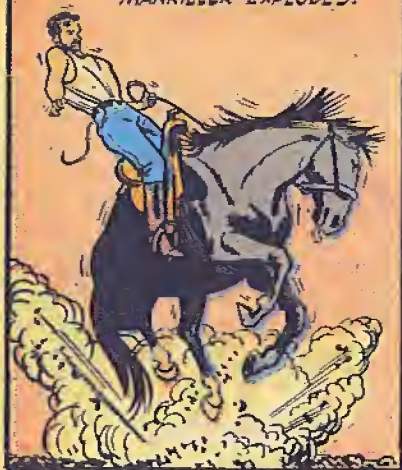
TIM HOLT



FOR A WEEK, TIM RESTS UP, AND THEN HE GOES TO WORK ON THE CHECKERBOARD RANCH—AS HANDYMAN...

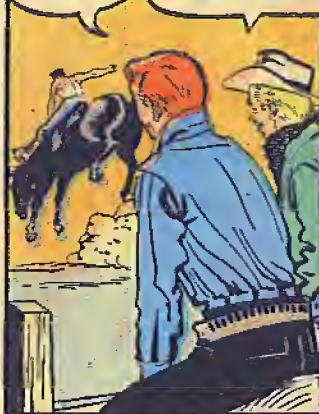


TWISTING AND TURNING IN MIDAIR, LANDING WITH LEGS BRACED TO SHOCK HIS RIDER, SUNFISHING AND CATAPULTING INTO FENCES, THE MANKILLER EXPLODES!



LOOK AT THAT! HE'S RIDIN' THAT BRONC BETTER'N ANYBODY I EVER SAW!

HE MAY BE FORGETFUL - BUT HE SURE REMEMBERS ALL HE EVER KNEW ABOUT HORSE-WRANGLIN'!



FORGETFUL, YOU'RE GOING TO RIDE IN THE RODEO FOR US!

YOU BET! BOY, WILL WE CLEAN UP ON THAT FLYING T CREW!



ON THE MORNING OF THE ANNUAL RODEO, A FEDERAL MARSHAL DISMOUNTS BEFORE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN THE TOWN OF TUMBLEWEED...

I'M LOOKING FOR A KILLER, SHERIFF. ONLY CLUE I HAVE IS - HE'S GOT A CROSS-IN-A-CIRCLE CONCHA ON HIM!

CAN'T RIGHTLY SAY I SEEN ANYBODY LIKE THAT, MARSHAL!



DID YUH HEAR THAT? FORGETFUL IS A KILLER! HE'S GOT THAT CROSS-IN-A-CIRCLE CONCHA! ALWAYS CARRIES IT WITH HIM!

HEY, WE GOT TO HIDE HIM! HE'S GOT TO RIDE FOR US AGAINST THE FLYING T.



HEY! WHAT IS THIS? I DON'T WANT TO STAY UP HERE. I WANT TO SEE THE SIGHTS.

LIE DOWN! STAY HERE UNTIL THE BRONC-BUSTING EVENTS. WE DON'T WANT TAKE ANY CHANCES ON YOU LOSING!



AND WHILE TIM RESTS IN A HOTEL BED, THE CHECKERBOARD RIDERS BET EVERY PENNY THEY CAN BORROW ON THEIR HANDYMAN...

FIVE HUNDRED SAYS "FORGETFUL" WILL BE THE RODEO BRONC-BUSTIN' CHAMP!

TWO HUNDRED SAYS HE'LL RIDE ANYTHING ON FOUR LEGS!

NAME YOUR BET, RED!

IT'S A BET!



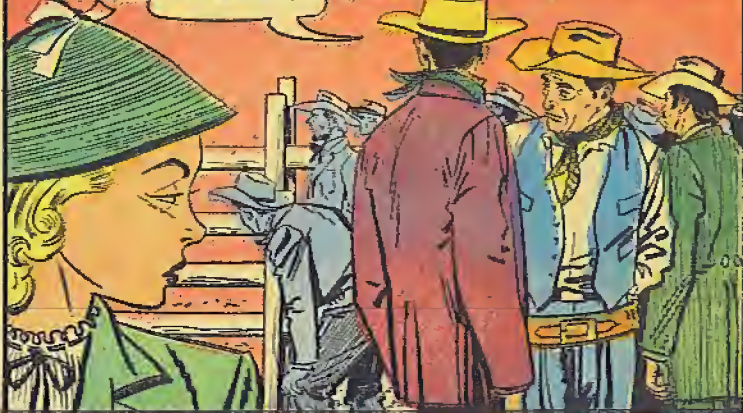
SOME HOURS LATER, AS THE FIRST CHUTE-GATE OPENS, AND TIM HURTLER OUT...

GO ON, BOY—RIDE HIM TO A FRAZZLE!



THAT HOMBRE IS SOME RIDER! I DON'T LIKE THIS—THE BOYS HAVE BET EVERYTHING ON US WINNING THE RODEO!

RELAX, RELAX! HE'LL NEVER BEAT ACE HANLEY!



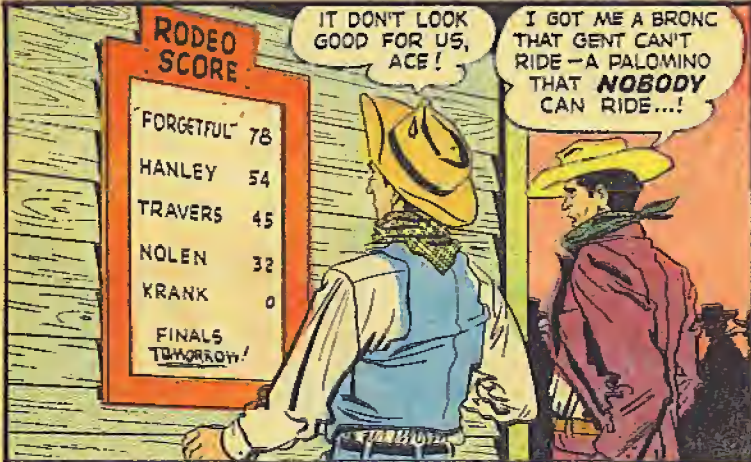
BUT AS THE RODEO EVENTS SLIP BACKWARD INTO TIME, THE HANDYMAN'S NAME LEADS ALL OTHERS...

RODEO SCORE

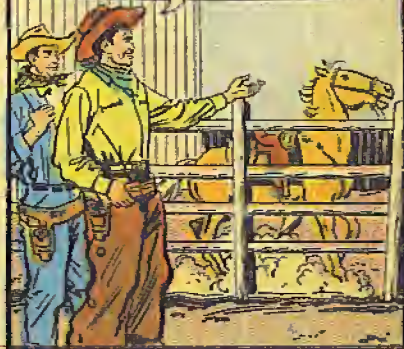
"FORGETFUL"	78
HANLEY	54
TRAVERS	45
NOLEN	32
KRANK	0
FINALS TOMORROW!	

IT DON'T LOOK GOOD FOR US, ACE!

I GOT ME A BRONC THAT GENT CAN'T RIDE—A PALOMINO THAT **NOBODY** CAN RIDE....!



LOOK AT HIM! HALF A TON OF GOLD BEAUTY—AND DESTRUCTION! I'LL SLIP HIM INTO THAT CHECKERBOARD RIDER'S STRING! THEY'LL NEED A BLOTTER TO PUT "FORGETFUL" TOGETHER AGAIN!



NEXT DAY, TIM SETTLES INTO LIGHTNING'S SADDLE...

WATCH THIS!

THAT CHECKERBOARD RIDER'S GOING TO GET HIS NECK BROKE! THAT'S HANLEY'S PALOMINO HE'S RIDIN'!



HUH?

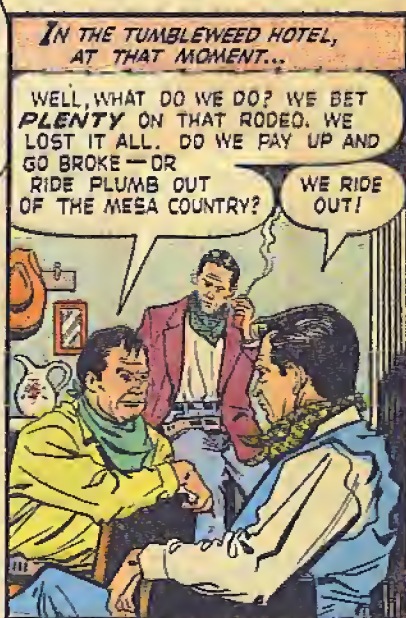
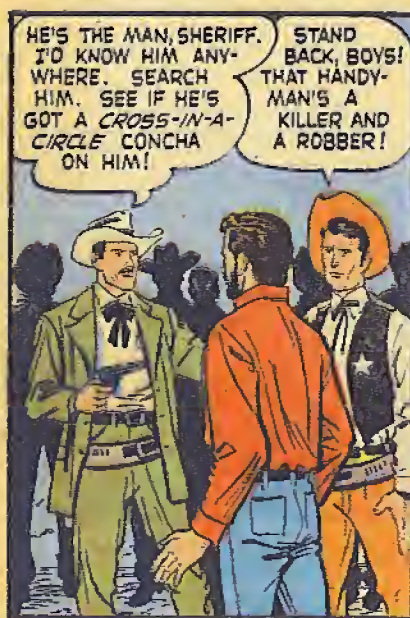
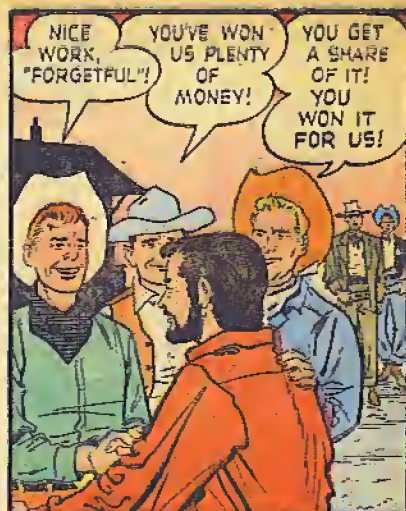
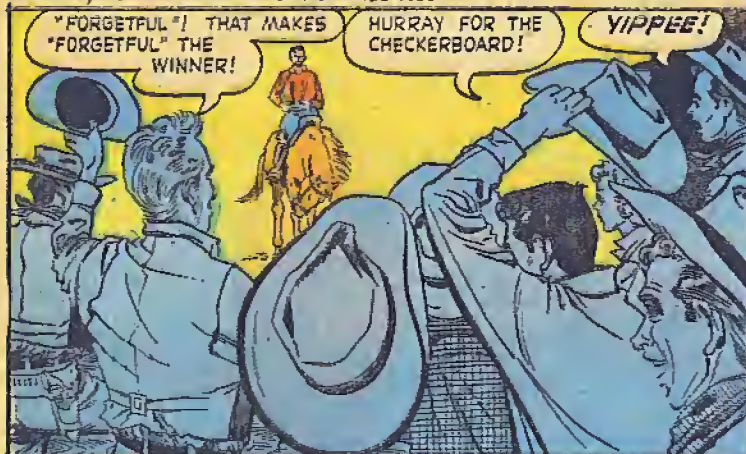
I-I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

IT'S A MIRAGE!

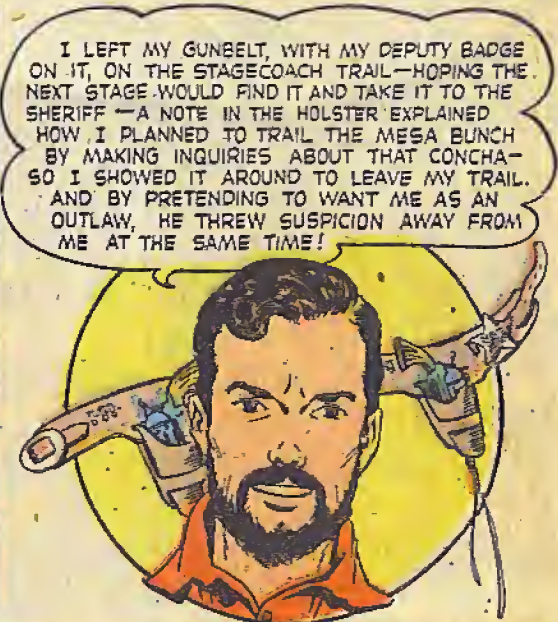


TIM HOLT

LIGHTNING RECOGNIZING HIS MASTER, TROTS GENTLY AROUND THE ARENA, AS THE CROWD GOES WILD....!



TIM HOLT



Bobby Benson's B-Bar-B Riders



Harka



Tex



Irish



Windy

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☐ Send C.O.D., I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.

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to become an

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WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Larry Campbell

Rex Ferris

Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Now you can start building into an All Around He Man right at home with these same progressive power secrets for only a few cents—just as Rex Ferris did!

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get acquainted offer!

... Now All 5 Famous Jowett Complete Muscle Building Courses

YOUR LAST CHANCE only **10c**

Instead of \$1.00

plus **FREE** MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

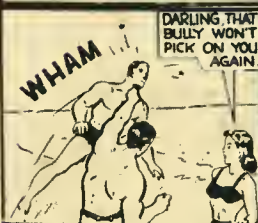
"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director, Atlantic City.

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an **"ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN**

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